Sooner Or Later

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26570446.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Pre-Canon, Pre-Slash, Police Officer Will Graham, Dark Will Graham, Not Canon Compliant, Attempted Murder, Murder, it's in self defense but he fucking liked it, this is gonna become a thing I swear
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Killer Cop Will
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-20 Words: 1,415 Chapters: 1/1

Sooner Or Later

by MeteoraWrites

Summary

Will is transfixed by the sight of the man taking one final gasping breath before his hands, stained with his own blood, fall limp at his sides as he exhales for the last time.

After what feels like an eternity of staring at the lifeless body of his attacker, Will forces himself to move. His mind is spinning. He knows he needs to call and report what's happened. Go to the ER and get his arm looked at. His mind is ticking off everything he should do, but instead, he finds himself grabbing the knife from where it protrudes from the center of the man's abdomen. It's almost hypnotic the way the red seeps through the once white fabric to slip down the sides of the body and begin to pool beneath him.

Will looks at his arm, watching the way his own blood run down his skin to drip from his fingertips. He needs to stop the bleeding. He needs to focus.

Notes

This is the expanded version of the drabble I wrote on twitter of Killer Cop Will killing for the first time. It was writing during my Hannigram writing live stream on twitch.

See the end of the work for more notes

It’s close to one in the morning when Will spots what appears to be a broken-down old ford bronco on the side of the empty stretch of highway he’s been driving on for the past three hours. There’s a white rag tied to the driver's side mirror and the hood is up, both clear signs of distress. He pulls off the road about twenty feet behind the vehicle, briefly wondering if he should grab his gun from where it’s tucked in the glove compartment in the process.

He leaves it, despite his better judgment telling him otherwise. It’s more likely to be a legitimate breakdown than a robbery or carjacking. Especially when it’s an older vehicle like that.

There’s a chill in the air, making the hair on Will’s arms and neck stand on end as he exits his own vehicle.

A man steps around the front of the truck, a rag in his hands as he wipes at the grease that stains them from the engine. “I was startin’ to think nobody was gonna come by,” he calls out in an accent that doesn’t match his Arizona plates. He sounds like he’s from somewhere in northern New England if anything.

“What seems to be the problem?” Will asks, coming to stop by the driver's side door of the vehicle. There’s no sign of smoke or the noxious smells that usually come with engine trouble, granted that means nothing since Will has no idea how long the guy’s been stranded here.

“Threw a belt, I almost got ‘er fixed, but I could seriously use a hand if you don’t mind?” the man asks. He’s young. Maybe around Will’s age, if not a bit younger. With sandy blonde hair and a dirty white t-shirt and jeans. He looks like he’s been working on the truck a while, or maybe just doesn’t care if his clothes are perpetually dirty. There’s a look in his green eyes that’s hard to read in the blinding light coming from his car's headlamps.

Will studies him a moment, the sudden desire to have his gun on hand creeping up like a chill on his spine. He pushes the feeling aside and nods before stepping closer to the open hood of the vehicle. “I’m not sure I can of be much help. I’m better with boats than cars,” he says warily. The guy’s giving him a vibe he can’t quite figure out. It’s both refreshing and terrifying when you’re so used to being able to read people at a glance.

The guy huffs a laugh and beckons Will to step up beside him and have a closer look at the engine. “I just need you to hold a few things in place for me and I’ll do the rest,” he swears as he grabs a flashlight and points it at the vehicles fanbelt. It’s hanging loosely in place. “Just grab that for me and hold on a moment.”

With a glance to the man, Will does as asked. His hair is still standing on end, but not from the cold anymore. Something doesn’t feel right here.

“Yeah, just like that…” the man says before there’s a flash of movement.

Will ducks out of the way just in time to see the glint of a very obvious knife in the moonlight as it strikes the grill of the truck right where he had been leaning just a moment before. He

stumbles back, just managing to catch himself from falling in the process.

His attacker spins on his heel and moves to slash at Will once more, narrowly missing his chest as Will dodges and then rushes the man, knocking him back into the grill of the truck with a pained grunt.

Will manages to land a few quick jabs to the man's side and ribs before a knee to the gut forces Will to fall back and desperately gasp for air as the wind is knocked out of him. He's still gasping when the man drops to his knees over Will, trapping him between his legs, and swings to try and stab him.

He throws an arm up, protecting his chest from being stabbed but slicing through the flesh deep enough to almost hit the bone in his forearm. Will cries out in pain before he throws all of his weight to the side, forcing his attacker to topple over and land on his back with a shout.

A beat later Will is on him, struggling for the control of the knife that now shines with his own blood. Even though they're about the same size, Will has a few years of training under his belt and he's able to twist the man's arm just right to make him end up digging the blade deep into his own stomach instead of Will's.

His attacker screams in pain and Will lets go of his arm before scrambling to climb off of him. His whole body shakes with adrenaline and a kind of raw energy he's never felt before. He watches in horror as the blood blooms bright red on the man's dirty white shirt, slowly spreading out as his attacker-turned-victim gasps, then coughs up blood that trickles down the sides of his face to drip to the ground.

Will is transfixed by the sight of the man taking one final gasping breath before his hands, stained with his own blood, fall limp at his sides as he exhales for the last time.

After what feels like an eternity of staring at the lifeless body of his attacker, Will forces himself to move. His mind is spinning. He knows he needs to call and report what's happened. Go to the ER and get his arm looked at. His mind is ticking off everything he should do, but instead, he finds himself grabbing the knife from where it protrudes from the center of the man's abdomen. It's almost hypnotic the way the red seeps through the once white fabric to slip down the sides of the body and begin to pool beneath him.

Will looks at his arm, watching the way his own blood run down his skin to drip from his fingertips. He needs to stop the bleeding. He needs to focus.

He makes his way back to his car, trying his best not to smear blood on the trunk as he opens it. There's a first aid kit next to his tackle box. He eyes it before grabbing the handkerchief from his back pocket and wrapping the bloody knife in it. Once that's taken care of he tosses it into his tackle box before grabbing the first aid kit.

The alcohol he dumps on the wound stings and makes him hiss under his breath. It helps ground him back into reality a bit. He's just killed a man in self-defense. He should call the local police…

He does a quick patch job on the wound. Butterfly strips and enough gauze to staunch the bleeding until he can get somewhere to take better care of it. The cut is nasty. At least six inches long and close to the elbow. He definitely needs stitches.

Once that's taken care of he strips out of his bloody shirt and throws it in the trunk before grabbing a clean one from his bag and throwing it on.

He gives the body of his attacker one last look before climbing behind the wheel and speeding away from the scene. He's still shaking with quickly fading adrenaline. Body thrumming like he's just run a marathon and has a natural high off it… It scares him. How good he feels… how much he liked the feeling he got when he made his attacker sink their own knife into their gut…

He's still over an hour's drive from the cabin he rented for the week's forced leave he's taken from the precinct. Far enough away that he likely couldn't be linked to the body. His DNA isn't on file. He took the murder weapon… He can easily get rid of it and his bloody clothes in the lake.

He decides then that is exactly what he'll do. He'll get rid of anything linking him to that body, and he'll pretend nothing happened. Pretend that he didn't kill anyone. That he doesn't feel powerful for having done so...That he doesn't feel good having taken a life… That he doesn't want deep down to feel that rush again… He can pretend, for now.

End Notes

Feel free to Check out my Tumblr and send a drabble prompt if there's a list currently available <3

Or you can follow me on Twitter for more fandom related fun!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!